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LOVE in a BARN,

OR THE,

COUNTRY COURTSHIP,

In three PARTS.

PART I. How a Lord fell in Love with a Country Girl, in order to rob her of her Maiden-head.

PART II. How the Country Girl invited him to her Father's Barn, where a Gang of Gipsies lay, and of their merry Pastime.

PART III. How the young Lord fell asleep, and of their tying the young Gypsy to his Back, and the Fright they put him in.



Licensed and entered according to Order.

LOVE in a BARN, &c.

P A R T I.

COME all you brisk young country girls,
 And London lasses too;
 A merry new ditty I have for to tell,
 And it is certainly true.

At Ryegate liv'd a bonny young lass,
 Both beautiful and fair;
 And her beauty was her portion,
 As hereafter you shall hear.

Her farther he was a Farmer,
 And at Ryegate he did dwell;
 Hard by there liv'd a noble Lord,
 Whose name I'll forbear to tell.



His country house at Ryegate was
 In the sweet and pleasant air;
 And this young Lord he fell in love,
 With the Farmer's Daughter fair.

He oftentimes beheld her,
 A milking in the morn;
 And he must go and drink the milk,
 From the Cow while it was warm.

The draught of love he drank so sweet,
 And gazing on her charms,
 This lovely beauty he would often
 Wrish her in his arms.

He cry'd I've slighted Ladies
 Of honour' birth, and fame;
 And Cupid has betrayed me,
 To a harmless country dame.

I must reveal my passion,
 Or for her lose my life;
 If money her virtue will betray,
 I soon will end the strife.

Next morning he goes to her,
 As she was a walking there,
 He thus begins his story to
 The farmer's daughter fair,

Thou fairest of all creatures
 My heart's in love with thee,
 And if thou canst love a London Lord,
 A Lady thou shalt be.

Sir, what do you mean, the girl reply'd,
 More fitter I am, I vow,
 To mind my farther's dairy,
 And feed the pigs and sow.

I cannot dress up in your modes;
 As your London ladies wear:
 He said, but I'll keep a chamber-maid,
 To wait on you my dear.

A chambermaid, said the country lass,
 I cannot but laugh at that,
 Must I ride in my short cloak,
 And a feather in my cap.

Yes, yes, my dear, this is the dress,
 My jewel you must wear,
 When you along with me do ride
 To take the country air.

Then Gaffer, reply'd the country girl,
 Still something I have to say,
 Amongst the Ladies I cannot dance,
 Unless it be the Hay.

He said, you can dance in bed, my dear,
 And that's the prettiest sport;
 Aye, never fear, I'll warrant you Gaffer,
 As well as the best at court.

This was downright country courtship,
 Which made the Lord to smile,
 But his intent it was the maiden's
 Virtue to beguile.

But country girls are no such fools,
 For to be taken in,
 But now you shall hear the country bite,
 Which she put on him.

P A R T II

HE made her many presents,
 Of jewels, watch, and rings,
 The girl she was well pleased at
 The sight of all these things.

The Cow-house was the chamber,
 In which they us'd to court;
 At length he must be fooling,
 In under her petticoat.

She said is that the way,
 That you courtiers come to woo,
 He answered there's no harm in this,
 We serve the ladies so.

I do not like your fashion.
 The country girl replied,
 I will not be a lady,
 Till I am made a bride.

She finding he had got store of gold,
 She said, I plainly see
 That he has no intention
 To make a bride of me.

He shall not have my maiden-head
 I solemnly do swear;
 But I'll bite him of a portion,
 Then marry with Ralph my dear.

Next morning comes the noble Lord,
 As he was wont to do,
 With a pretence to drink the milk,
 Warm, Sir, from the cow.

And with the charming dairy maid,
 Still fooling he would be,
 Saying five hundred pounds I'll give,
 My dear to lie with thee.

Then afterwards I'll marry thee,
 So that it will be no harm,
 She said, if I lose my maiden-head.
 It shall be in my father's barn.

And the money to me you shall lay down,
 Then treat me well with wine.
 So to night at twelve o'clock, fir,
 Is then I fix the time.

He was delighted for to catch,
 The maiden in the mind,
 So willingly to the barn conveyed,
 Some bottles of Rhenish wine.

A gang of gipsies used to lie,
 Sir, in the barn all night,
 Now this maiden she did lay,
 A crafty country bite.

She told unto the gipsies,
 How she the scheme would lay,
 And bid them to conceal themselves,
 Amongst the straw and hay.

She said, I'll give you notice,
 In every degree,
 And if you can bite this amorous blade,
 Rewarded you shall be.

P A R T III.

AT twelve o'clock to her he came,
 Must appointed were,
 They had no light but what the moon,
 It did afford them there.

They sat them down among the straw
 His arms'arōund her he did twine,
 And merrily they did toss about,
 The bottles of Rhenish wine.

The girl she often kissed the bottle,
 But seldom touched the wine,
 At length my Lord his eyes began,
 To winkle very fine.

He lay down among the straw,
 And fast asleep did fall,
 The farmer's daughter she arose,
 And gipsies she did call.

She said go strip all in your buff,
 And down by him go lie,
 And the little gipsy to his back,
 I beg that you would tie.

His hands I'd have you tie them fast,
 Not easy to be undone,
 And when he does awake in the fright,
 Like a D——l he will run.

Five pounds she to the Gipsies gave,
 Then homewards she did steer;
 But when this Lord began to wake,
 In the morning fair and and clear,

He took a roll upon his back,
 The Gipsy began to squeak;
 His Hands being ty'd he began to strive,
 To scramble on his feet.

The Gipsies naked all stood up,
 And their Coal-black hair hung down;
 He took them to be d—v—ls in buff,
 So he run into the town,

With the bastard squaling at his back,
 His wig was tagg'd with straw,
 Like a Mad-man he run to his house,
 Such a sight you never saw.

The servants they were all amazed,
 When they did let him in;
 They took the Gipsy off his back,
 So soon relieved him.

But the child he's like to keep, Sir,
 For the Gipsies they are gone;
 So now he's become the talk of all
 The women in the town.

But still he was well pleas'd,
 With the prank which he had play'd
 He said I am resolved to wed,
 This virtuous charming Maid.

For virtue is a portion,
 And of that she has her share;
 So now this Lord has married,
 The Farmer's Daughter fair.

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